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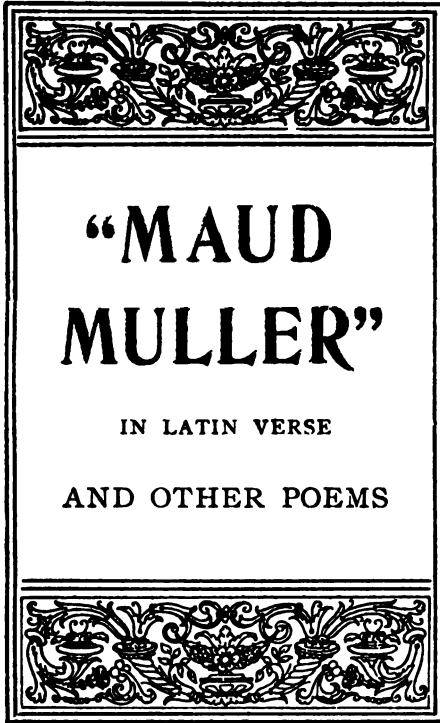


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FROM

Pres. C. W. Eliot.

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EDOARDO SAN GIOVANNI

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“MAUD MULLER”

IN LATIN VERSE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

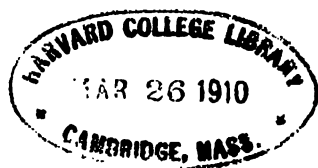
EDOARDO SAN GIOVANNI

NEW YORK

1905

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Pres. C.W. Eliot

BOUND, FEB 13 1911

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TO
ERNEST GOTTLIEB SIHLER, PH. D.,
PROFESSOR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
THIS WORK BY ONE OF HIS PUPILS
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

ODE TO THE PRESIDENT.

Ode to the President.

*Hoc tibi Pax tribuit : nomen, Roosevelt, perenne.
Dixit enim properans
Caesariem foliis redimita virentis olivae
Aethera per liquidum :*

*"Surgite, vos, nuptae ! Matres, en surgite, castae,
Quas viduavit atrox
Mars. Lacrimis tandem vultus tergete madentes :
Pax ego, nata Deo,*

*"Adsum. Me Tanais prope ripas orta salutet
Fulva juvenus Eram.
Oceanum spectat croceum quae a litore pubes
Aera cruenta meos*

*"Vertat in usus. Iam redeant ad prata juvenci
Ubera ; multifidae
Iamque rotae celerent, Galvanica quas agitat vis,
Prelaque dura strepant.*

*"Tuque decora cui circumdedit ora corona,
Fortis ad arma, Cuba,
Per juga fulmineum cum Mississippius ardens
Te sequeretur eques,*

*"Res facunda dedit cui gestas dicere Clio
Magna sonante tuba,
Quem regere Atlantis populos virtute potentes
Iure superba sinit,*

*"Nobilis, o salve, tu Washingtonia proles !
Te duce non Scythicus
Nipponicusque cruor maculabunt aequor Eoum,
Te auspice magnanimo."*

MAUD MULLER

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

Latin Version

Maud Muller.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Messor quae secuit redolentia sole tepente,
Mullerii suboles, pabula Mauda colit.
Agreste est capiti tegmen: pulchro excubat infra,
Arvorum munus, mollis in ore color.
Temperat et cantu laetans hilaratque laborem;
Arguta e foliis voce imitantur aves.
Aspicit at si urbem vultusque retorquet in illam,
Late candentem collibus impositam,
Cessat nec blandum valet ultra ducere carmen,
Languida dum surgit pectore tristitia.
Sectatur quid mens agitatque ignota voluptas,
Sectatur cupiens et pudibunda fugit.
At praevectus equo fertur iam tramite Judex
Fulvis permulcens mollia colla jubis.
Umbris quo gaudent pomaria tendit habenas
Et salvere prior Mullerida ille jubet.
Sistit aquamque, rogat, laticum dulcedine captus,
Prato qui manant praetereuntque viam.
Prona ubi fons gelidus trepidat spumatque replendum
Parvum, qui praesto est, mergit et illa scyphum
Datque viro timidos vultus perfusa rubore,
Vilem induta stolam, nuda, pudetque, pedes.

Gratus at illi vir: "Cyathus non dulcior umquam,
 Pulchrior haud similem porriget ulla manus."
 Ubera quin foliis variataque floribus arva,
 Laeta apium strepitu laeta aviumque choro,
 Laudat, ab occasu venientia nubila spectans,
 Inscius agro quae damna futura parent.
 Audit Mauda equitem dumis nec iam memor hirtae
 Est vestis, nudo nec rubet illa pede.
 Audit dum facili stat mirans victa stupore
 Laetitia et glaucis emicat ex oculis.
 At reticet subito Judex et protinus instat,
 Qualis iter carpens, munera questus, abit.
 Prospicit et trepidans gemitum dat pectore ab imo
 Mauda: "O si ad thalamos me vocet ille suos!
 "Candida non mihi tunc nuptae bombycina dessent,
 Non inter festas fervida vota dapes.
 "Rasa quin genitor laena donatus abiret,
 Germanus pictam solveret atque scapham.
 "Quam facerem matrem miranda veste decoram,
 Quot munuscula tunc, quot tibi, nate, forent!
 "Prodiga quin miseros cenaque sagoque levarem,
 Linqueret atque domum fausta precatus inops."
 Ascendens clivum retrorsum lumina vertit
 Judex. Immota est visa puella viro.
 "Candidior facie, membris praestantior, inquit,
 Numquam virgo oculos constitit ante meos.
 "Simplex quin dictis vultuque pudica decensque
 Indicat et pectus non minus esse pium.
 "Esses ut mihi tu, formosa puella, beato,
 Exercenti mi florea prata simul!

“ Non tunc ancipitis premerent certamina juris
 Me urgetve crepans garrula turba fori,
 “ Ast pecudum gemitus aviumque sub aethere cantus
 Praeberent placido gaudia tuta animo.”
 Sed gelidas revocat rigidasque ubi mente sorores
 Materque occurrit dura superciliis,
 Pergit iter tacitus permotaque corda refrenat,
 Nec solam in campo lumina clam repetunt.
 Sed tenero illum audit quidquid cantare susurro
 Semihiante labro postmodo causicus,
 Sed prope fontem stans infecti Mauda laboris
 Immemor usque manet dum pluvia arva madent.
 Egregios opibus petit ille subinde hymenaeos
 Imperique avidum vana marita tenet.
 At saepe ante focum meditantem lucet imago
 Prosequitur speciem lumine et ille vago.
 Mulleris et memorem glaucis prospectat ocellis
 Prospiciensque stupet candida nympa virum.
 Laeto cui dapibus tingunt si vina culullos
 Fons animo potior rusticus ille subit,
 Dum cupiens viridis quaerit mens gramina prati
 Aulasque exstructas tectaque avita fugit.
 Dicit et: “ Essem iterum liber vinclisque solutus,”
 Cura superbum cor dum taciturna premit,
 “ Qualis equo vectus quondam per pascua cessi,
 Stabat ubi niveos nuda puella pedes !”
 Iamque rudis thalamo succedit et illa coloni
 Progeniesque frequens cursitat ante fores.
 Sunt lacrimae tamen et curae partusque labores
 Damnaque corda simul non relevanda ferunt.

Gramina saepe gravis dum tunsa canicula torret
 Uritque aestivus prata virentia sol,
 Contigui properant facili dum murmure fontis
 Lymphae manantes obstrepit et paries,
 Respicit en iterum patulae sub tegmine mali
 Illa equitem tendens qui retinacula stat,
 Respicit et timidos ex illo torquet ocellos,
 Virgineo cupido sentit ut ore frui.
 Ingens quae late fulgore superba renidet
 Aula en fit quotiens mente culina brevis.
 Vertitur en quotiens in cymbala fusus eburna,
 Candela in lychnum vertitur et rutilum.
 Sordidus ante focum calamum qui sugit adustum
 Potus dormitans raucus et increpitans,
 En oritur quotiens vultu facieque decorus!
 Non metuendum jus, non metuendus amor.
 Diffugiunt species suspirat et illa: "Fuisset!"
 Fungitur et duris fessa ministeriis.
 Heu miserandi ambo! nummis tu maestus avaris,
 Aegra labore et tu, pallida serva viri.
 Parcat utrique Deus, parcat quandoque juventae
 Mortales frustra somnia heu! repetunt.
 Nullus enim gemitus tam tristis pectora versat
 Quam si sollicita voce "Fuisset!" ais.
 Mentis saepe hominum penitus quae blanda fefellit
 Spes tenuitque animos, condita sic tumulto est
 Saxaque presserunt imam, caelestibus olim
 Eripienda illinc forsitan ab alitibus.

A SHEAF OF LYRICS



Latin Versions

“The night has a thousand eyes.”

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

Nocte quot fulgent oculi serena !
 Ast dies uno micat. Atra tellus
 Fit tamen, densis tenebris amicta,
 Sole cadente.

Fulget et quot mens oculis! At uno
 Cor micat. Caecae tenebrae manebunt
 Heu! tamen maestos quibus est ademptum
 Lumen amoris.



“How are songs begot and bred?”

RICHARD H. STODDARD.

Quo pacto teneri desiliunt modi,
 Manant quo numeri e pectore fervido
 Musarum? Citharam mens
 Urgetne an studium sacram?

Quo pacto niteat purpureis nemus,
 Aestas cum rediit, mille coloribus
 Explores potius vel
 Qua norma zephyri strepant.

Frustra quaesieris. Quem zephyris modum
 Pones? Quem violis? Quem niveis rosis?
 Hac norma dabitur lex,
 Hoc pacto, citharae sacrae.



“Jenny kissed me!”

LEIGH HUNT.

Ut revisit me subito Corinna
 Basium fixit roseis labellis.
 Tempus, o fur, tu spoliis onuste
 Undique raptis,

Esse me tristem miserumque narra,
 Frigidum narra et domitum senecta,
 Sed beatum me modo basiavisse
 Adde Corinnam !



“Qual da la madre battuto pargolo.”

GIOSUE CARDUCCI.

Materna ceu flens verbera parvulus
Aut forte pugna saucius impari
Dum languido cedit sopori,
Fronte manuque minatur acer,

Amor protervus pectore sic meo,
Puella, dormit, nec memor invidet
Aequalibus, quod vere amoeno
Prata ioco facili pererrent.

Ne forte rumpas, en Lalage, precor,
Somnos jacenti. Surgeret improbus,
Infestus aequali beato,
Natus ad arma meus Cupido.



“Why so pale and wan, fond lover?”

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Squalens amanti cur macies tibi
 Pallorque vultum tam malus inficit?
 Quae sprevit insignem colore
 Te roseo, niveo tepebit?

Cur torpet alto lingua silentio
 Parum decoro? Quae modo fervidis
 Despexit instantem querellis,
 Plus nimio tacito calebit?

Frustra dolebis. Desine, pro pudor!
 Compesce mentem. Quae tenero fugit
 Favere amanti saeva, mittant
 Di merito tenebras ad Orci.



"Some say that kissing is a sin."

ANONYMOUS.

Libans oscula dicar impudicus?
 Numquam. Deliciae fuere summae
 Summa et gaudia basiationes,
 Terras cum colerent modo una et alter.
 Nec vero vetuit forum severum.
 Ergo non pius osculo putabor?
 At non respuit osculum sacerdos.
 Quin haec non peterent bonae puellae,
 Dura si facie Pudor vetaret,
 Auro nec raperent voracius, ni
 Censerent inopes beatiora.



“Du bist wie eine Blume.”

HEINRICH HEINE.

Tenella virgo puriorque flosculo
Fulgentiorque candido,
Te specto et imum lenta pectus occupat
Tenetque cura. Prodeas
(Simul precanti et ista sint mi tempora
Cingenda palmis fervidis)
Sic prodeas ad sempiterna, candido
O purior tu flosculo !



“Saphire sind die Augen dein.”

HEINE.

Gemmae lumina sunt tua,
 Gemmae caeruleae, dulce micantia !
 Felix terque quaterque vir,
 Subrident tremulis cui semel ignibus.
 Sed fulgens adamas velut
 Est, virgo, tibi cor pectore lacteo.
 Felix terque quaterque vir,
 Donat cui radians delicias deûm.
 Ac bacae labra flammea,
 Bacae puniceae, nec sine nectare,
 Sunt. O terque quaterque tu
 Vir felix, tenero murmure cui favent.
 At felix veniat, precor,
 Secessu nemoris mi semel obuius !
 Nervosa haec cito bracchia
 Gaudentem facient jure miserrimum.



“Du schönes Fischermädchen.”

HEINE.

Nautarum, repetas, candida filia,
En cymba repetas litus amabile;
Lentos hic liceat nos
Conjunctis manibus loqui,

Fido neu metuas credere pectori
Os frustra timidum, tu rabiem Noti
Experta et pelagi iras,
Quas fronte impavida subis.

Non pectus pelagi dissimile aestuat,
Versant ast hiemes imperiosius;
Nec bacis caret, imo
Fulgent quae niveae sinu.



“Du liebst mich nicht.”

HEINE.

Fugis, puella, me — fugis nec opprimit
Dolor mihi praecordia.
Adstas ut ore candido pulcherrima,
Sum regibus beatior.

Licet, venusta, et oderis. Ridentia
Dicunt labella supplici.
At si tulissem te favente savium,
Amoris iram spernerem.



“Ich trat in jene Hallen.”

HEINE.

Ingredior sedes, ubi murmure languido amorem
Puella mi juraverat,
Atque solum lacrimis fallacis virginis udum
En intumescit viperis !



“Vergiftet sind meine Lieder.”

HEINE.

Me venenatum recinente carmen,
Cur stupes? Heu tu modo viperinum
Prava fudisti in validum juvena
Virus amantem.

Me venenatos recinente versus,
Cur stupes? Tabo gravidi decebunt
Tot malos angues saniemque teque
Corde ferentem.



“Sag, wo ist dein schönes Liebchen?”

HEINE.

“ Formosissima, dic, ubi puella est,
Blandis quam numeris tener canebas,
Flagrantes tibi cum furor medullas
Ingens indomitusque maceraret?”
Heu! flammae periere: frigus alta
Stringit pectora: servat hic amoris
Consumpti cineres mihi libellus.



“When I am dead, my dearest.”

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Ne forte maerens carmina concinas,
Fatum rapit si delicias tibi,
 Ne forte dent umbram sepulcro
 Ulla meo rosa vel cupressus.

Tantum sed illic roris et imbrium
Gramen sit udum munere. Flebilis
 Licet memor vivas amicae,
 Immemor et licet, ut feret mens,

Par hoc erit tunc. Nam tenebrae tegent
Sensu carentem, scilicet imbrium
 Ignaram et in silvis querentis
 Carminibus philomelae acerbis.

Premar supernis dummodo somniis
Caliginosum muta per aëra,
 Oblivio mergat jacentem
 Ambiguum an meminisse det fors.



Umbra me prima tenerum juvenia
Grata ramorum quotiens vocavit !
Saepe gavisae facili sorores
Hic quoque lusu.

Hic sinu fovit tenuitque mater,
Hic manus dextra caluit paterna:
Lacrimae ignoscas faciem riganti —
Stet mihi quercus !

Haeret ut cortex tibi, quercus, ima
Sic fides haeret veteris sodalis.
Non choro maerens avium carebis,
Non zephyrorum.

Stabis et nimbi rabiem repelles
Quercus annosa. Hinc, faber, hinc recede !
Donec in terra validus morabor,
Pone securim.



“Excelsius!”

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Caelo praecipitant iam tenebrae leves,
Vicum transgreditur cum puer, Alpium
Fert qui per gelidos nobile tramites
Vexillum media conspicuum nota :

Excelsius !

Frons huic sollicitast: ex oculis velut
Destructo e gladio fervidus emicat
Ignis, dum lituo dulcior aureo
Illud vox iterans, sic juga personat :

Excelsius !

Nocturna e tepidis aedibus intima
Flamma iam puerum lumina postulant.
At fulget glacies rupibus imminens
Horrenda. Indomitus sic puer infremit :

Excelsius !

“Praeruptum caveas” increpitat senex
“Callem! Jam tenebris incubat aspera
Tempestas violens et strepit imbribus
Amnis.” Vox liquida ast aethera transvolat:

Excelsius !

“Consiste, o puer! Haec bracchia languidam
Quam praebent requiem sit tibi carpere!”
Sic virgo trepidans candida. Caerulos
Suffusus lacrimis ille oculos gemit :

Excelsius !

“ Te ramo fragili pinus et àrido,
 Te nix praecipiti ne rapiat sinu!”
 Supremum juveni cum vale rusticus
 Dat, sic aërio a vertice vox refert :

Excelsius !

Lux pallens oritur. Rite adeunt pii
 Bernardi comites nubibus abditum
 Delubrum, precibus numen et invocant,
 Reddunt cum subita voce silentia :

Excelsius !

Mox fido a catulo paene nive obrutus
 Audax invenitur, fortiter occupat
 Dextra qui gelida, morte ferocior,
 Vexillum media conspicuum nota :

Excelsius !

Exsanguis jacet, ast marmore purior
 Fulget, dum glacies albicat aspera.
 Ut caelo radians labitur igneum
 Sidus, vox liquido decedit aethere :

Excelsius !



“The height of the ridiculous.”

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Nugas composui satis jocosas
 Quondam mirifico quidem lepore,
 Quales, ut solitus, putaret artis
 Judex egregiae poema quisque.
 Quin vero innumeros mihi cachinnos
 Moverunt, animi viro severi,
 Longe illi lepidissimi modorum.
 Arcesso famulum citoque passu
 Accurrit bonus hic, eri pusilli
 Qui jussa accipiat satis benigne
 Membris praevalidus. “Librario des!”
 Inquam, continuo dicax et addo,
 Ut mos: “Det pretium magister Orci.”

Chartas occupat ille curiosus
 Et quaerunt oculi poema furtim.
 Tum vero cupiens hiantem labro
 Primos perlegere et vorare iambos.
 Quin dehiscere latius repente
 Os illi, auriculisque iam subire,
 Carpit versiculos ut insequentes
 Risus ac strepitant patente rictu.
 Nec cessat, furit at magis magisque
 Rismusque ingeminat ruditque, donec
 Rumpit cingula ventre fibulasque
 Et pressus tenebris humi recumbit.

Noctes quin vigilans decem diesque
 Servavi miserum, subinde salsus
 Raro nec temere in meis tabellis.

“And is the swallow gone?”

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Cessit, num cessit, quisnam conspexit, hirundo?
 Quo tenuitque viam? Quae fuit ultima vox?

Nidos ad patrios nulli videre volentem;
 At reticent strepitus quos dabat ante vagans.

Sic fugiens animus mortalia vincla relinquit:
 Furtim corporeas deserit ille domos.

Cur vel quo properat? Nulla est data scire potestas.
 At desiderium pectora nostra manet.



“How delicious is the winning.”

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Oscula quam dulcest auferre et reddere prima,
Mutuus ut sibi Amor ferrea vincla petit.

Taedia deliciis tamen improba inesse memento :
Uret te vinctum mox aliena Venus.

Advenit almus Amor nulloque jubente resistit,
Opprobriisque tenes hunc precibusque fugas.

Lilia linquat odor mittantque horrescere frondes
Undaque stet: vigeat semper et almus Amor.

Ligna foco renovas : species renovandaque Amoris;
Captus qui sordet, fertur ad astra vagus.

Donec apis volitat, variant dum colla palumbes,
Defixus vinclis interiturus Amor.



“ Il est doux de raser en gondole la vague.”

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

Quam juvat en Veneta fluctus decurrere cymba
 Noctu qua stellas unda remota lavit,
 Orbem dum reteggit pallentem roscida luna
 Et nautae resonat carmina blanda mare.

Quam juvat en sidus mundi per caerula templa,
 Aureolis guttis quae laqueata micant,
 Procedens lente niveo velamine amictum
 Quam juvat intento lumine suspicere.

Gratumst in nebulas pluviamque advertere vultus
 Sole adverso, cum lapsa repente polo
 Iris pulchra nitens croceum sinuatur in arcum,
 Nuntia laeta boni purpureique dies.

Qua thyma carpit apis tacitos per prata vagantes
 Invia delectat tegmine sub viridi,
 Manat dum vitreus fons, lentos sternere membra
 Mira et fabella versiculisque frui.

Dulcest clivoso fessus cum tramite cedis
 Aestibus et mediis sarcinulisque gravis
 Auriculasque tibi rumpunt stridore cicadae,
 Umbras quam dulcest en reperire et aquam.

Quam juvat en gelido si verberat imbre fenestram
 Hibernum tempus, lucet et igne focus,
 Artus in Gothica vacuos laxare cathedra
 Ac tepidae plumae credere molle caput.

Quam juvat en turres iterum spectare vetustas
 Sacratasque aedes marmoreasque domos
Imbrice vel culmen rutilans vel plumbea tecta,
 Si forte oppidulum pervenis ad patrium.

Exilio fractus curis et victus acerbis
 Haud spernit memores aure bibisse modos,
Olim quos cecinit genetrix cunabula circum,
 Somnos cum faciles carperet ille puer.

Ast dulcissima mi longeque suprema voluptas
 Bracchia cervici virginis inicere.
Pugnet et illa pavens nigrosque reflectat ocellos,
 Sit rosa multa mihi, sit mihi primus amor.



“The Baby.”

GEORGE MC DONALD.

Unde, tenelle puer, dic, advenis unde profectus?
Undique origo fuit. Terrae nunc deferor hospes.

Unde, puella, tibi fulgent qui caeruli ocelli?
Hoc jubar aetherium: rapui cum sidera liqui.

Cur tibi, dic, radiant tremula sic luce decori?
Sidera quae mihi tunc tribuere micantia servo.

Gutta cur vitrea madefactast pupula dulcis?
Adveniens carpsi: properantem me illa manebat.

Lactea cur tibi frons tenerast sic, belle, decensque?
Suaviter ora manus volitanti a vertice fovit.

Candidiorque rosis vultus qui, belle, tepescit?
Nulli nota oculo mortali, splendida vidi.

Angulus iste triplex cur vobis, laeta labella?
Tres mihi caelicolae simul oscula sancta dedere.

Auricula unde, puer, tibi candida quive reperta?
Auditura Deum subitost egressa loquentem.

Quis tibi floridulas dedit ulnas, care, manusque?
Haec sibi finxit Amor teneros mutatus in artus.

Unde, pedes, et vos niveique brevesque volastis?
Arca e qua soliti cherubim depromere pennas.

Cur et in uno tot sunt tantaque dona coacta?
Voluit mente Deus: simul astitit haec et imago.

Misit quis tamen hanc ad nos, mellite, beatos?
Voluit mente Deus: subii demissus ab alto.

EXCERPTS FROM J. G. WHITTIER'S

"SNOW BOUND."

Latin Version.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Exuperans juga sol brumali cana Decembri
Pallidus ortus erat cursu medioque peracto
Luna languidius dederat, caligine amictus,
Occidua lumen. Portenta per aethera certa
Segnior ipse ferens taciteque minatus ab alto
Vix conspectus erat, caeli cum liquerat oras.
Frigus quin gelidum, duplex quod paenula membris
Vix prohiberet, atrox, asper, durissimus algor,
Venae quo rapidae sanguisque rigesceret imus
Ora et torperent, glacies hiememque parabat.
Oceanus fremitu ingenti spirantibus Euris
Litora tundeat, pulsu quatibat et arva
Undarum resono collesque nemusque remota.

Nocturna interea campi nos cura tenebat.
Ligna adferre domum, stabulis aptare maniplos,
Pabula de cumulis bobus praebere juvabat.
Instabat sonipes hinnitu poscere fruges,
Cornibus et pecudes feriebat claustra per arta
Cornua sollicitae, furcis vibrantibus ictu.
Nec de fraxineo prospectans culmine tecti
Cessabat gallus rubram demittere cristam
Effundens querulos petulanter gutture cantus.

Lucis egena tamen serisque caloribus orba
 Occidit illa dies, canens et vortice late
 Nox furibunda nivem rapidam per inane rotantem
 Egit, quae violens ultro citroque ruebat.
 Jamque fenestra gelu, nec adhuc requiescere tempus,
 Est cumulata; graves udo velamine quondam
 Pali iam facie surgunt simulacra nivali
 Ceu tunicata modis en! per specularia miris.

Mugiit assiduo pernox clamore procella.
 Nullus mane jubar; globulos stellasque imitatae,
 Naturae numeros quae mira et signa ferebant,
 Pelliculasque die tota cecidere pruinae.
 Lux autem liquido fulsit cum tertia caelo,
 Tunc ignota prius, nec propria, cernimus arva.
 Nix ubicumque micat terrarum, candida ab alto
 Aequora caeruleus dum circumplectitur aether.
 Nubila nulla polo, campi non jugera circa
 Ulla manent: nivibus modo constat mundus et aethra.
 Ecce novam speciem veteres traxere figurae.
 Lucida namque tholi surgunt miracula et arces,
 Horrea quae fuerant et harae murusque nemusque.
 Lacteus est tumulus mollisque ubi ligna jacebant
 Informesque viae sunt. Ad retinacula stipes
 Aptus fit senior, cui cristatumque galerum
 Sit laxumque sagum. Puteo sunt Serica tecta.
 Ingens quin malus laticumque adcommodus haustu
 Exstat marmoreus, Pisis ceu pendula moles.

Nec mora: "Sit, pueri, manibus mihi semita vestris!"
 Impiger haec genitor. Laeti (nam jussa coloni
 Talia semper ovans accepit mascula proles)

Alte nos rudibus suras vincere cothurnis
 Induere et manicas, frontes operire cucullis,
 Laedat ne glacies, niveos et scindere acervos
 Iam properamus. Iners qua altissima strata pruina est
 Lucidus effoditur gemmis vitreisque lapillis
 Arte cuniculus. Est en Aladdinia nobis
 Mira legentibus, est Arabum pretiosa caverna.
 Nomina jamque damus, magicae dum lampadis optat
 Munera mens cupide, praesepe et voce sonantes
 Laeta mox petimus pecora atque inclusa ciemus.
 Tum circumspiciens sonipes proiecit acutas
 Nares et stupuit, strepitus et gutture gallus
 Edidit ut properantem est picta caterva secuta.
 Tunc dedit esuriens intorta verbera tergo
 Bos cauda, latuit mitis nec lumine questus.
 Excitus e somno veluti Memphitis Amunus
 Dux gregis alta simul sapienter cornua nutu
 Quassavit tacito percussit et ungula terram.

.....

Priscis interea fabellis fallere noctis
 Certabant pueri multoque aenigmate tempus,
 Ore vel in ludis praeceptum dicere balbo
 Litoris auriferi Lybico de rege poema.
 Servitii manibus cum cera mollior uda
 Cuncta esset regio, quoties mihi carmen ad aures
 Ceu lituus rediit, Warrenae fortia verba:
*"Intima nonne jubet te vox: Tibimet pete jura
 Quae Natura dedit. Fuge sanguinolenta flagella,
 Mancipii miseros indignans ferre labores."*
 Silvis praecinctam repetebat Memphremagogam
 Mannis at genitor, nec non venatibus actus

Indis sub casulis pultem cenabat et alcem.
 Pinis tunc iterum sub celsis, moenia circum
 Gallica Francisci, securos carpere somnos;
 Luna oriente iterum teretes splendescere zonae
 Normandaeque mitrae memorantis voce, canorae
 Obstrepere atque fides, pago exercente choreas,
 Grandaevaeque aviae laetae et saltare puellae.

.....

Imminet Oceano nobis piscantibus una
 Ecce procul rupes aprique simillima rostro.
 Ecce extant scopuli, quos aggere cingit harena.
 Sistimus et, ramos ultro praebentibus undis,
 Assis aequorea salpis epulamur in ora.
 Elixis una bulbisque thymoque myisque
 Vescimur et cupidi. Nudae coclearia testae
 Fiunt, quis calidum raptim siccatur aënum.

.....

Tum circumspiciens graviorque locuta Sewelli
 E tabulis documenta (omni nam carus Amico
 Rite libellus erat) pietatis clara nec igni
 Perdomitae mater, dure conscripta, legebat
 Chalkeli vel ephemeridas miranda docentis,
 Quo numquam pelago rector mansuetior alter.
 Olim namque bonus, ventis cessantibus aestu,
 Deficiente cibo lymphisque, horrenda cupido
 Cum fureret dapium nautaeque in obesa magistri
 Tergora conicerent oculos comitemque vorandum
 Sortitura necem peteret vesana caterva,
 Se, renuente Deo victum, sese obtulit escam.
 Quem servaturus viventis ab ore sepulcri
 Delphinum e salsa celerans aspergine coetus

Adnat, at ille "Viri" iam clamat "Sumite et este!
 Lanigerum dederat qui Abramae, sospite prole,
 Corpore pro nostro vobis haec pabula misit."

.....

Addiderat comitem sese illa nocte magister,
 Plagosus ferulae dominus, tunc integer aevi.
 Cui color adstanti suffuderat ante caminum
 Signatas dubia roseus lanugine malas.
 Vexare hic solitus lanae glomeramine felem
 Devinctam et patrum saepe exercere galerum
 Lusibus, hic lepidos jucunde dicere cantus
 Dartmuthique decus cultasque referre palaestras.
 Natus Hyperboreis in clivis rure paterno
 (Fundo nam genitor frangebat membra labore
 Pauper in aere suo, quamquam non panis egenus)
 Ungui de tenero didicit sibi quaerere victum.
 Non autem puduit doctam deponere abollam
 Arva pererrantem merces et vendere viles,
 Nec rudibus pepigit pueros elementa docere
 In vicis, annus cum clauderet alma Lycea.
 Alternis peregre qui acceptus sedibus hospes
 Multa jocosa ferens, hiemem contentus agebat.
 Tunc et ferratis glaciem talaribus altam
 Raedis et rapidis perlabi nocte juvabat
 Luna oriente, modis tunc fallere tempus amoenis,
 Tunc collusores oculis deprendere tectis
 Volvere et aera manu poenaeque rependere pignus.
 Felices villae nivibusque geluque sepultae,
 Carmen ubi fidibus blandum modulare solebat
 Hospitio junctus validusque inflectere membra
 In stabulo exultans miti et praetendere fila

Matronae mixtasque jocis narrare Latinas
 Fabellas Graiasque nova dulcedine fandi.
 Nam vetus est numen memorantis ab ore locutum
 Institor ut nostras, Musis celebratus Araxes
 Factus et unda molam tenuis quae impelleret, algens
 Saepe et texerunt vaccinia culmen Olympi.

.....

Tunc erat et praestans fulgentibus hospita ocellis,
 Non aetate virens, aevi nec vulnera passa,
 Lenia nobiscum facilis quae verba serebat.
 Dixisses placidam. Vehemens animosaeque contra,
 Indocilis, sibi praefidens. Effrena voluntas
 Dulcia naturae penitus celabat in illa.
 Non optata comes, nec non metuenda, sedebat
 Ante focum, concinna loquens argutaque, nostri
 (Horridulus quia sermo et mos) non commoda iudex.
 Fluctuat ut pardus, posito neque corpore cessat,
 Artus sic agiles quaedam speciosa tenebat
 Mobilitas, male fida, oculis quae induceret umbram
 Nigrantem dentesque simul splendere juberet.
 Lumina saepe minas radiantia nocte sub alta
 Iactabant subitas, facies candescere et igni
 Saepe putaretur, fatorum numine amoris
 Aut odii socio non prospera signa futuro.
 Fervidius quin cor mentisque acerrimus ardor
 Fervens ac pietas nec non et taetrica lingua.
 Duplex ingenium, duplex et femina in illa,
 Esset quae furiis Petruchi saeva marita
 Afflatuque animi Seniensis diva sacerdos.

.....

Jamque octava dies aderat. Non auribus ullus

Nuntius acceptus. Terraeque hominesque tacebant.
 Fastos interea perpauca et opuscula, curti
 Nam foruli nobis, iterumque iterumque legendo
 Callebamus. Erant comites et ficta pudenter
 Fabula, opus pueris vetitum minimeque vetandum,
 Et pretii versus incerti codice in uno,
 Musa quibus palla succincta Ellwoodia fusca,
 Non genus haec Phoebi, naso ingeminante sonorem,
 Proelia Davidis Judaeorumque canebat.
 Cursor at ecce gravi tardans vestigia gressu,
 Annales pagi, nummo venale papyrum,
 Adfert. Cuncta oculi narrata, cupidine victi,
 Cuncta vorant, soles dum devolat ad tepidos mens.
 Quot subito gestas en cernimus ordine miro
 Res terrasque novas! Pictos spectamus euntes
 Armiferos Creekos MacGregorumque furentem
 Incursare vage Costaricana per arva.

.....



A CLUSTER OF SONNETS

English Versions.

To Vergil.

GIOSUE CARDUCCI.

As upon withered fields, serenely streaming,
Pours dewy balm at eventide the moon,
While rills meander through the meadows gleaming,
And softly murmur with their silver tune;

Renews the nightingale, 'mid foliage beaming
With radiant mist, his melody of June;
Listens the weary wayfarer, and, dreaming
Of youthful love, forgets all labor soon;

Bereft a mother, grieving all the while,
Now turns her lids to the refulgent sky
From yonder tomb and ceases to repine —

Meantime the far-off sea and upland smile;
'Mid lofty trees refreshing breezes sigh —
Such is, o Bard, to me thy Song divine.



The Italian Sonnet.

CARDUCCI.

On cherub's wing it soared through Dante's art
Enwrapped in ether, golden-hued and blue,
And sweetest plaints and softest tears it knew
Divinely streaming from Petrarca's heart.

To it Torquato nectar did impart —
Mantova's nectar and Venosa's dew,
By Muses favored. Thrall and tyrant slew
Alfieri with this adamantine dart.

Then came the nightingales at Ugo's voice
From their Ionian, verdant cypress-trees,
As he bedecked it with acanthus-blooms.

Not sixth, but last, evoking wrath and joys,
Perfumes and tears, despair and ecstasies,
I sing in my seclusion to the tombs.



The Venal Muse.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

My Muse, through lofty mansions fain to creep,
Wilt thou, when winter storms bring rain and sleet,
When snowy nights our hearts in tedium steep,
Find some hot embers for thy frozen feet?

Wilt thou thy shoulders, white as marble, heat
With rays of night that through the window peep?
With empty purse and dinnerless retreat,
Wilt thou the gold of yonder heaven reap?

Thou must, if thou would'st earn a daily bread,
As choristers are wont, a censer swing
And mock Te Deums just as meekly sing,

Or, as a fasting circus-dancer, spread
Thy charms and laugh and jest and sport aloud,
With unseen tears, to entertain a crowd.



Memento.

LORENZO STECCHETTI.

When Carnival's mad orgies through the street
Attract thine eye to jocund revels flying,
Remember, oh remember, maiden sweet,
That some one in a hospital is dying.

When joyful thou goest forth to dances fleet,
In gentleness all other maids outvying,
Turn back, oh turn, and thou wilt ever meet
Distress upon the threshold ever crying.

When Love, like unto sunbeam gay, shall dart
From 'neath thy lids his heavenly caresses,
Think that to many Love no raptures gave.

When thou thy mirror view'st, let speak thine heart,
And tell thee that a pearl from thy fair tresses,
One lonely pearl, an ebbing life may save.



To His Lady.

STECCHETTI.

Some night when sitting on thy balcony
Beneath the star-lit heaven blue and clear,
A far-off cry, perchance, may reach thine ear,
A waning, far-off cry saluting thee.

Some day, perchance, upon this fated lea,
Where first we met, thou wilt perceive a tear,
But like to dew on flow'r it will appear,
And thou shalt cull the floweret for thee.

Nay, lady, nay! That is no trembling dew
Sun-bathed and sparkling with a silver-hue.
It is a trace of my repining eyes.

That wail is not the distant wind that sighs.
It is thy lover dying, who has sent
His kiss to thee and his extreme lament.



Rebels.

STECCHETTI.

Bacchanal frenzies in our spirit ring,
And hermits' holy visions we behold;
We are the martyrs, we, the prophets bold,
We to the world a mighty "Forward!" fling.

To moonlit flow'rs and wandering stars we sing:
To us doth Love his secrets all unfold:
Our hearts alone the sacred hymns can mould:
From us, the Poets, do they skyward spring.

Ye barterers, ye mongers, all your hate
And wrath 'gainst more pernicious arts bestir:
No cheating schemes of lucre do we utter,

No weights, we bards, no drugs adulterate.
Why should ye rave, if roses we prefer
To tallow, to potatoes and to butter?



Nausea.

STECCHETTI.

No more, no more Prometheus' taunt hath pealed
Superbly smiting the revengeful God,
And strikes no more the cowards, like a rod,
The verse that lashes and will never yield.

His sword no more great Aeschylus doth wield
On tragic scene forever left untrod;
Unknown his ashes lie below the sod
Far, far away from Marathon's green field.

But Thais, the mime, her hunger to allay,
Our modern weary Ciacchi will allure,
And ply her dances with a shameless guile.

In nausea steeped we lie, without a ray
Of noble love within, on the manure
Of this revolting age. Bah! we are vile.



Doubt.

STECCHETTI.

And still my brain with life and vigor teems,
And many a spark there is within, I know;
And e'en the air, that 'gainst my cheek doth blow,
To me a stirring Deity's breath but seems.

Time is when, yielding to my fervid dreams,
Along untrodden, flowery paths I go.
Then to my lips clear strains harmonious flow,
And Hope aloft, rekindled, brightly gleams.

But when grim Doubt awakes, and through the haze
Of tranquil morn, the phantoms I pursued,
Waning, desert my chamber bleak and nude,

Behind my palms I screen mine eyes and gaze
At this poor heart and ask the question cool:
"Am I a Poet or am I a Fool?"



L' ALLEGRO

BY JOHN MILTON

Italian Version.

L'Allegro.

JOHN MILTON.

Lungi da me, spregiata
 Malinconia, cui nelle stige grotte
 A Cerbero la fosca Mezzanotte
 Fra l'ulular di torma scellerata
 E il lezzo partoria.
 Atra spelonca ria
 Cerca, 've gracchia il corvo e l'ali spiega
 Gelosamente bieca tenebria.
 Ivi fra le minaci
 Ombre d'Averno e i cupi,
 Come le chiome tue foschi dirupi,
 In cimmerio deserto eterna giaci.

Ma tu vieni, o leggiadrissima,
 Dai Celesti detta Eufrosine
 E dagli uomini Gaiezza,
 Che Afrodíte in sua vaghezza
 All'Iddio ricinto d'ellera
 In un sol parto trigemino
 Dava in un coll'altre Grazie.
 O fu Zéfiro gentile,
 Il nov'alito d'Aprile,
 Che su cespite fiorito,
 Come canta saggio mito,

Di viole e fresche rose,
 Fresche rose rugiadose,
 Con Aurora folleggiando,
 Esultando e amoreggiando,
 Di te, o Dea, la fece madre,
 La più bella e la più libera
 Fra le belle e le leggiadre?

Vieni, o Ninfa, e il lepidissimo
 Scherzo mena e fresca e giovine
 L'Allegrezza e i Motti facili,
 Le Facezie e i carezzevoli
 Cenni e il vivido Sorriso,
 Il Sorriso, che nel viso
 D'Ebe impera — o in lieta cera.
 Mena i Giuochi, che alle pallide
 Egre Cure danno il bando
 E sbuffando e gavazzando
 L'ebbro Riso e sull'etereo
 Piede alterno al novo sole
 Vispa intreccia le carole.
 E alla destra tua divina
 Sia la Ninfa montanina,
 Libertà, che' se tue laudi
 Bene io canto, nel tripudio
 Degli onesti e dolci gaudii
 Teco e seco mi ricetta:
 Ad udir la lodoletta,
 Della notte nel silenzio,
 Dall'azzurra sua vedetta
 Gorgheggiar, finchè ritorno
 In sue tinte bige e rosee

Fa ne' cieli il novo giorno;
 E venirmi alla finestra
 E fra i cirri e la silvestra
 Leggiadria del biancospino
 E il fiorir dei verdi pampini
 Augurarmi il buon mattino;
 Mentre il gallo canta e l'ombra
 Col suo strepito disgombra
 E per l'aia in alto e in basso
 Gravemente muove il passo
 Alle femmine dinante
 Con un'aria tracotante;

Udendo spesso il sónico
 Dell'affannosa caccia
 Che i sogni lieto scaccia,
 Con tremulo echeggío
 Dalla boscaglia rorida
 Ai fianchi del pendío;
 E risalendo i viridi
 Poggi, che gli olmi ombreggiano,
 Non solo, verso il fulgido
 Levante, onde magnifico
 Di fiamma e d'ambra, in nugoli
 Variodipinti, suole
 Muover suo corso il sole;
 Mentre, fischiando, il solco
 Sogguarda il buon bifolco,
 E lieta il canto modula
 La villanella e affilasi
 La falce il mietitore:
 E nella valle irrigua

Al rezzo ogni pastore
 Racconta vecchia fola.
 O quanto si consola .
 Lo sguardo, che misura
 Il vasto piano e roggia
 La tepida radura
 Ed i maggesi plumbei,
 'Ve greggi erranti pascono,
 E i monti, che di pioggia
 Gravide nubi albergano,
 Le praterie fiorite
 Di vaghe margherite
 E i piccioletti rivoli
 Ed i fiumi giganti.
 Vede manieri e spaldi
 Fra macchie verdeggianti,
 'Ve forse bella vergine
 S'asconde, che fa baldi
 Gli occhi del borgo. In fumida
 Capanna lì di presso,
 Di querce in un amplesso,
 Già Coridon si asside
 Con Tirsi e lor sorride
 D'erbe gradita festa
 E di vivande rustiche
 Che lor Fillide appresta.
 La qual tosto li lascia
 E, ricongiunta a Téstile,
 I bei covoni affascia,
 O, se d'April son l'aure,
 S'adopra col rastrello
 Nel breve praticello.

Con sicura diletanza
 Darsi svago talor suole
 Il festevole villaggio,
 Quando all'ombra del gran faggio
 E al sonar delle mandole
 Chiama i giovani la danza,
 E vegliardo e garzoncello
 Volge a spasso il tempo bello
 Tutto il dì, finchè la bruna
 Birra in cerchio li raduna.
 Novellando allor si viene
 Della Mab, la bella fata,
 Che mangiava la giuncata;
 Di suoi triboli e sue pene
 E del fuoco ingannatore.
 E si narra del sudore,
 Che durò lo spiritello
 Pur di vincer la scommessa:
 Ei di notte senza cessa
 Con aereo mulinello
 Battè il gran, come a distesa,
 Di dieci uomini l'impresa.
 Poi s'adagia il furfantello
 Al camino e giù pel collo
 La gran zazzera discioglie
 E al mattin, pinzo satollo,
 Pria che il primo gallo canti
 Via di là lesto si toglie.
 Ma la fiaba già s'è detta
 E il giaciglio già ne aspetta,
 E socchiudonsi le ciglia,
 Mentre il vento fuor bisbiglia.

Quinci turrita città ne alletta,
 Ove l'umana turba s'affretta.
 Ove di prodi gentil corteo
 Celebra il fasto d'almo trofeo,
 Ove son dame dagli occhi belli.
 Pugnan per esse folli drappelli
 In armi e in detti e ognuno intende
 A vincer quella, che il cor gli accende.
 Nè a lungo Imene lieto vi manchi,
 Fra crocei veli, fra ceri bianchi,
 Fra veglie e balli, giubilo e feste,
 Maschera gaia, mimica veste,
 Come lo sogna lunghesso il rivo
 Poeta imberbe sul vespro estivo.
 Nè delle scene manchi il notturno
 Gaudio, se Jonson calzi il coturno
 O il dolce Shakespeare, vate celeste,
 Gorgheggi l'inno delle foreste.

In seno a note lidie,
 Spose d'eterni carmi,
 Felice vo' cullarmi,
 Onde ineffabil estasi
 Lo spirito mio stilli —
 Ricche di vaghi trilli;
 Mentre la voce tenera
 Nel diletto canto
 Prolunghi il dolce incanto
 Per meandro melodico,
 E aperto il volo dia
 All'ascosa armonia;
 Tale che Orfeo dall'aureo

Sopore suo, d' Eliso
Tra i fiori ed il sorriso,
Si desti e colga il fascino
D' inni, che forse il dio
Del tenebroso río
Avrebber domo e libera
Datagli l' infelice
Quasi vinta Euridíce.

Che se tali delizie
Tu sai, cotanta ebbrezza —
Ecco mi dono a te, diva Gaiezza.



NOTE.

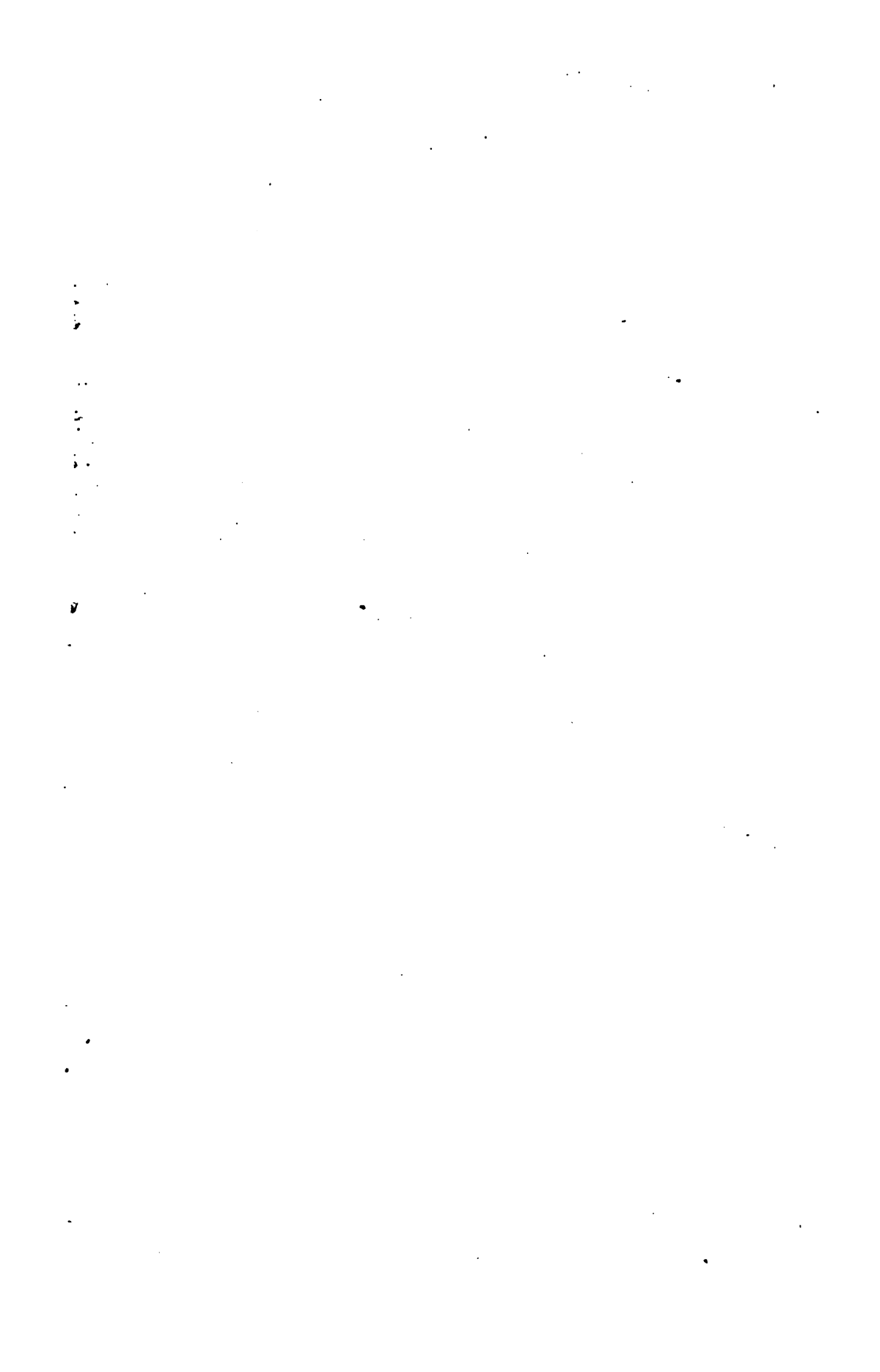
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A DEBT OF GRATITUDE I OWE TO MR. VINCENZO STEFANELLI, A. M., OF THIS CITY FOR SEVERAL VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND A PAINSTAKING REVISION OF THE PROOFS. HE IS AN ACCOMPLISHED LATIN SCHOLAR, WHOSE OFFERINGS TO THE CLASSIC MUSES WILL SHORTLY BE PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC WITH THE SUCCESS WHICH THEY DESERVE.

E. S. G.

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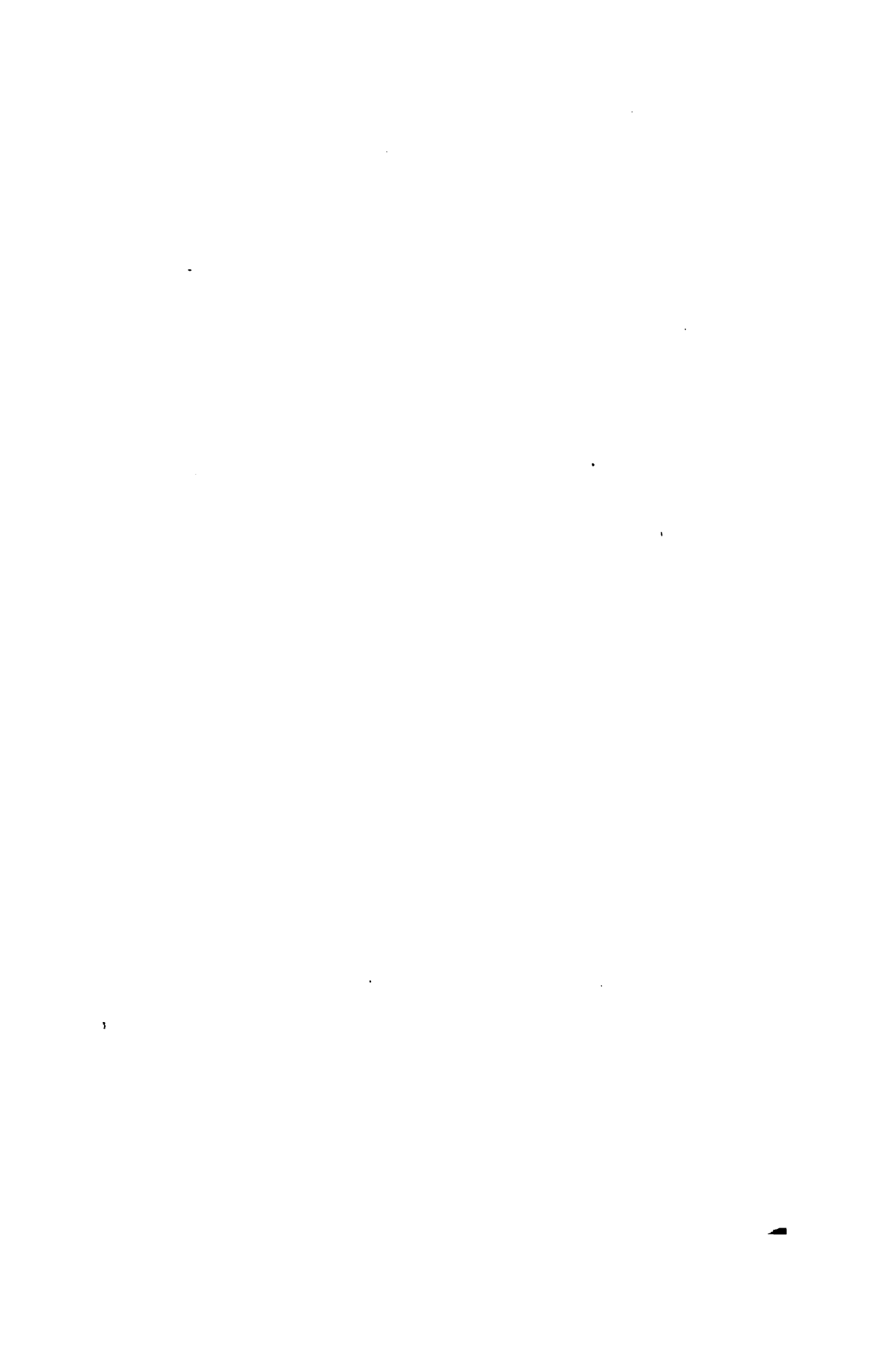




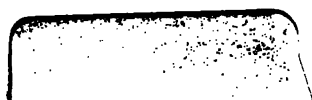
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